

THE MAN WHO QUILTS.

The man who quits has a brain and a hand  
 As good as the next, but lacks the sand  
 That would make him stick with a courage stout  
 To whatever he tackles and stick it out.

He starts with a rush and a solemn vow  
 That he'll soon be showing the other how;  
 Then something new strikes his roving eye  
 And his task is left for bye and bye.

It's up to each man what becomes of him;  
 He must find in himself the grit and vim  
 That brings success; he can get the skill  
 If he brings to the task a steadfast will.

No man is beaten till he's given in;  
 Hard luck can't stand a cheerful grin.  
 The man who fails needs a better excuse  
 Than the quitter's whining, "What's the use".

For the man who quits let's his chances slip  
 Just because he's too lazy to keep his grip.  
 The man who sticks goes ahead with a shout  
 While the man who quits joins the "down and out".

Exchange.

Mabel Smith of the Men's Furnishings Department, one of our "Charter Members" so to speak, because of ill health, caused by an attack of the Flu last spring has been obliged to leave our midst. Mabel has been a loyal worker at this store since its opening in 1916 and it is the wish of all that with a few months of rest she may be able to again take up her work at 153.

There is an honor in business that is the fine gold of it; that reckons with every man justly; that loves light; that regards kindness and fairness more highly than goods or profits or prices. It becomes a man more than his furnishings or his house. It speaks for him in the heart of everyone. His friendships are serene and secure. His strength is like a young tree by a river.

Exchange.

I've just now had a happy thought;  
 I tell it here to you.  
 If all your eye teeth lost their sight,  
 How could you see to chew?

We nag too much  
 We fear too much  
 We brag too much  
 We want too much  
 But never, never know too much.